

ACCIDENTS AND DANGER SIGNALS.

Testifying before the Coroner's jury with regard to the precautions taken to avert the Westfield wreck, Train Despatcher Meany said: "If we can't stop trains with red signals we're out of business."

And that must also be the public's point of view, adopted without the slightest disposition to excuse the railroad from any responsibility it may have had for the disaster. If the engine was "the bum engine" the driver, Davis, called it, with a cracked steam chest from which steam was escaping in blinding clouds, this responsibility of the railroad is brought very closely home.

If it is not beyond the jury's province an inquiry into the number of accidents that have happened on the Central during the past ten years would prove valuable. How numerous were they as compared with those on an equal trackage on other roads and how serious and where did the fault lie? The statistics are probably procurable at the State capital.

They would be of very timely interest in connection with the published report of railway accidents in Great Britain showing that while not a passenger was killed there in 1901 249 were killed in the United States. Our lines are nine times as long. But on the other hand the British carry twice as many passengers.

This showing for safety by the British roads is a wonderful thing. It indicates that American railway managers have much to learn in the matter of caring for passengers. It cannot be alleged that our trains are faster than theirs, for they are not. We have the advantage of superior rolling stock and their signal system is not now better than ours. What is the cause of the greater fatality here? Does it lie in the American disposition to "take chances?" Taking chances has done much for American progress—when the risk resulted favorably.

But Wisker was taking chances when he ran past the red light in the Park avenue tunnel, and Davis when he left his throttle to repair the broken injector. If Davis was not at his post when he passed the danger signal the question of the exact amount of steam escaping from the cracked chest is one of relative importance only. The train despatcher's proposition must be said still to hold that if a road cannot control its trains by danger signals it is "out of business."

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR MILLIONAIRES.

Just at the moment when John D. Rockefeller was buying a \$500,000 site for his Institute of Medical Research, which is to cost as much more, a doctor was saying at the New York Academy of Medicine:

If another American philanthropist like Rockefeller would come along and instead of giving seven millions for education would spend that sum in buying and raising the old-fashioned death-traps of tenements all over the city and erect in their stead model tenement-houses where fresh air and sunlight could get in he would do the world a greater good.

And as a business venture, regardless of its philanthropic aspect, would not such an investment pay?

It is the general understanding that the Mills Hotel have been financially successful. They have provided cleanly and comfortable quarters, wholly admirable from a sanitary point of view, at an insignificant rental. In Downing street in a made-over tenement-house "not fit for human beings to live in" a correspondent found a widow and children in contracted surroundings for which they paid \$5 a month.

This was about as much as two clean rooms at a Mills Hotel rented by the week would have cost them. At rentals equally high a plain, clean tenement of modern construction with provision for light and air and full sanitary facilities could readily be made to return a fair return on the investment.

A few rich landlords thus disposed could do a vast good in the way of practical charity by the erection of such tenements. It is not too much to say that the gain in air, light and improved sanitary features would remove the occasion for saying many of the young lives with whose subsequent ill-health Mr. Rockefeller's new medical institute is designed to deal.

And incidentally it would offset the evil work of the Marshall and other reversionary tenement-house bills.

SKYSCRAPERS AND AIR CURRENTS.

If the tall Flatiron Building is to be held responsible for an alleged malign influence on the air currents not only will the courts be called on to settle new points of law but architects will be confronted by very serious problems in aerostatics.

For example, if the smashing of plate-glass windows in adjoining structures can be charged against the offending building, and if it can be shown to be the inspiring cause of the death of boys carried off their feet by the gale in its proximity, every time the wind blows in New York it may become liable for damages. In the windiest city of the western hemisphere this contingency must be regarded as most alarming.

Modern skyscraper architecture has been obliged to take cognizance of many new conditions of aerial construction, but it has so far paid no heed to air currents or aerostatics generally. The sole concern has been to build strong enough to withstand a blast.

But where a tall building shuts off a summer breeze may a claim of damages lie as for a similar exclusion of air? Or where it protects another building against the winter's faw can it claim compensation for the service performed?

"BEEF AND—" IN LONDON.

London is represented as in terror at the proposed introduction of American "quick-lunch" counters. It is feared that "beef and—" and "coffee and sinkers" will ruin the British digestion and undermine the national health.

Perhaps this new Yankee notion will prove to be a boon rather than a curse. Is it not a well-established fact that national progress increases proportionately with national dyspepsia? Five of England's greatest sons were dyspeptics—Caryle, Huxley, Darwin, Robert Browning and De Quincey. American pie, one of the main constituent parts of the "quick lunch," gave us the Emersonian philosophy and the electric light. No doubt it could be shown to be the inspiration of much that is pre-eminent American in our progress in other lines. The statue which the Chamber of Commerce is to erect to the late Abram Hewitt had its origin in dyspepsia.

If Dewey had waited for breakfast would he have won Manila so handily? If Morgan had made his luncheon an event in the day's work rather than an incident would he be the financial magnate he is? Rockefeller's crackers and milk, Jay Gould's baked apples and sandwiches produced results in inverse ratio to the amount of time spent in eating them.

If the British midday meal of soup, joint, vegetables and tart is to give way to the cruller and the glass of milk the change must not be regarded as wholly for the worse.

THE OLD JOKES' HOME.

WE must crave the indulgence of our friends, who, in their enthusiasm, are going out in the highways and byways and catching every joke they meet with, pinning it and sending it to the Old Jokes' Home.

Some jokes sent us have been young, strong and sturdy with many days of usefulness before them. Some have been of doubtful character, who would have contaminated the good old jokes we are providing for.

The friends of the Old Jokes' Home are warned to go slowly. Be sure the joke is old and deserving before you send it in.

We must also beg that our friends do not overextend themselves. Be brief in your commitment papers. Never send us more than one old joke at a time. Some well-meaning friends send in as high as a hundred cases a day. Our facilities, though ample under ordinary circumstances, are strained to the utmost owing to certain friends of the Home exerting themselves too much in this regard.

We call your attention to the following instance of seven good old jokes being committed in a batch. These were such deserving old fellows that we could not refuse them admittance. But hereafter, please do not send or bring more than one old fellow in at a time.

We Are Seven.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

Here are a few very old jokes:
1.—What kind of a hen lays the longest? Answer—A dead hen.
2.—Why is a stick of candy like a race-horse? Answer—The more you lick it the faster it goes.

3.—Why does a donkey eat a thistle? Answer—Because he's an ass.

4.—When is a door not a door? Answer—When it's ajar (a jar).

5.—Why do old maids always like to look at the moon? Answer—Because there's a man in it.

6.—What's the best match in the world? Answer—A love match.

7.—What is that which runs across the floor, yet has no legs? Answer—Water. Hoping to be the winner of your \$5, I remain yours respectfully.

DAVID GLASGOW BROWN,
No. 65 Beach street, New York City.
A Pedigreed Joke.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

Please look up the pedigree of this applicant:

There were three young Irishmen standing on a corner of a street when an old Irishman came along. The young fellows started to shout "Rats, rats!"

He turned around to see what was going on, but seeing nothing continued on his way, when the young men started calling again: "Rats, rats!"

The old Irishman turned around and said to them: "Catch them, you terriers; catch them!"

GEORGE LAZAR, Patterson, N. Y.

Wants Mother-in-Law Put Away.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

Poor "mother-in-law" has stood the turn

It seems to me since Adam's day;

If age and use a home can earn.

For goodness sake put her away.

C. A. KRAMER, Baychester, N. Y.

Another on Adam.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

As you have no catamount in which to inter this old fellow, he ought to occupy one of the endowed beds in the Old Jokes' Home. He is surely older than "Adam and his express company" joke, for he must have been petrified centuries before Eve died of "apple-plexy."

"Who is the first man mentioned in the Bible?"

"Chap. I." FANNIE PATRVIEW, Staten Island.

A Sad Affair.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

A joke appeared at the New York Press Club Minstrel Show last Friday evening which deserves to have a room to itself in your proposed home for decrepit jokes.

"Why was the death of Joan of Arc preferable to that of Charles I. of England?"

The answer being: "Joan of Arc because a hot steak is better than a cold chop." This has about it the odor of sanctity and combines great age with orthodoxy. I respectfully invoke for it your respectful consideration.

GEORGE HARRISON M'ADAM.

"Chap. I." FANNIE PATRVIEW, Staten Island.

A Sad Affair.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

A joke appeared at the New York Press Club Minstrel Show last Friday evening which deserves to have a room to itself in your proposed home for decrepit jokes.

"Why was the death of Joan of Arc preferable to that of Charles I. of England?"

The answer being: "Joan of Arc because a hot steak is better than a cold chop." This has about it the odor of sanctity and combines great age with orthodoxy. I respectfully invoke for it your respectful consideration.

GEORGE HARRISON M'ADAM.

"Chap. I." FANNIE PATRVIEW, Staten Island.

A Sad Affair.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

A joke appeared at the New York Press Club Minstrel Show last Friday evening which deserves to have a room to itself in your proposed home for decrepit jokes.

"Why was the death of Joan of Arc preferable to that of Charles I. of England?"

The answer being: "Joan of Arc because a hot steak is better than a cold chop." This has about it the odor of sanctity and combines great age with orthodoxy. I respectfully invoke for it your respectful consideration.

GEORGE HARRISON M'ADAM.

"Chap. I." FANNIE PATRVIEW, Staten Island.

A Sad Affair.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

A joke appeared at the New York Press Club Minstrel Show last Friday evening which deserves to have a room to itself in your proposed home for decrepit jokes.

"Why was the death of Joan of Arc preferable to that of Charles I. of England?"

The answer being: "Joan of Arc because a hot steak is better than a cold chop." This has about it the odor of sanctity and combines great age with orthodoxy. I respectfully invoke for it your respectful consideration.

GEORGE HARRISON M'ADAM.

"Chap. I." FANNIE PATRVIEW, Staten Island.

A Sad Affair.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

A joke appeared at the New York Press Club Minstrel Show last Friday evening which deserves to have a room to itself in your proposed home for decrepit jokes.

"Why was the death of Joan of Arc preferable to that of Charles I. of England?"

The answer being: "Joan of Arc because a hot steak is better than a cold chop." This has about it the odor of sanctity and combines great age with orthodoxy. I respectfully invoke for it your respectful consideration.

GEORGE HARRISON M'ADAM.

"Chap. I." FANNIE PATRVIEW, Staten Island.

A Sad Affair.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

A joke appeared at the New York Press Club Minstrel Show last Friday evening which deserves to have a room to itself in your proposed home for decrepit jokes.

"Why was the death of Joan of Arc preferable to that of Charles I. of England?"

The answer being: "Joan of Arc because a hot steak is better than a cold chop." This has about it the odor of sanctity and combines great age with orthodoxy. I respectfully invoke for it your respectful consideration.

GEORGE HARRISON M'ADAM.

"Chap. I." FANNIE PATRVIEW, Staten Island.

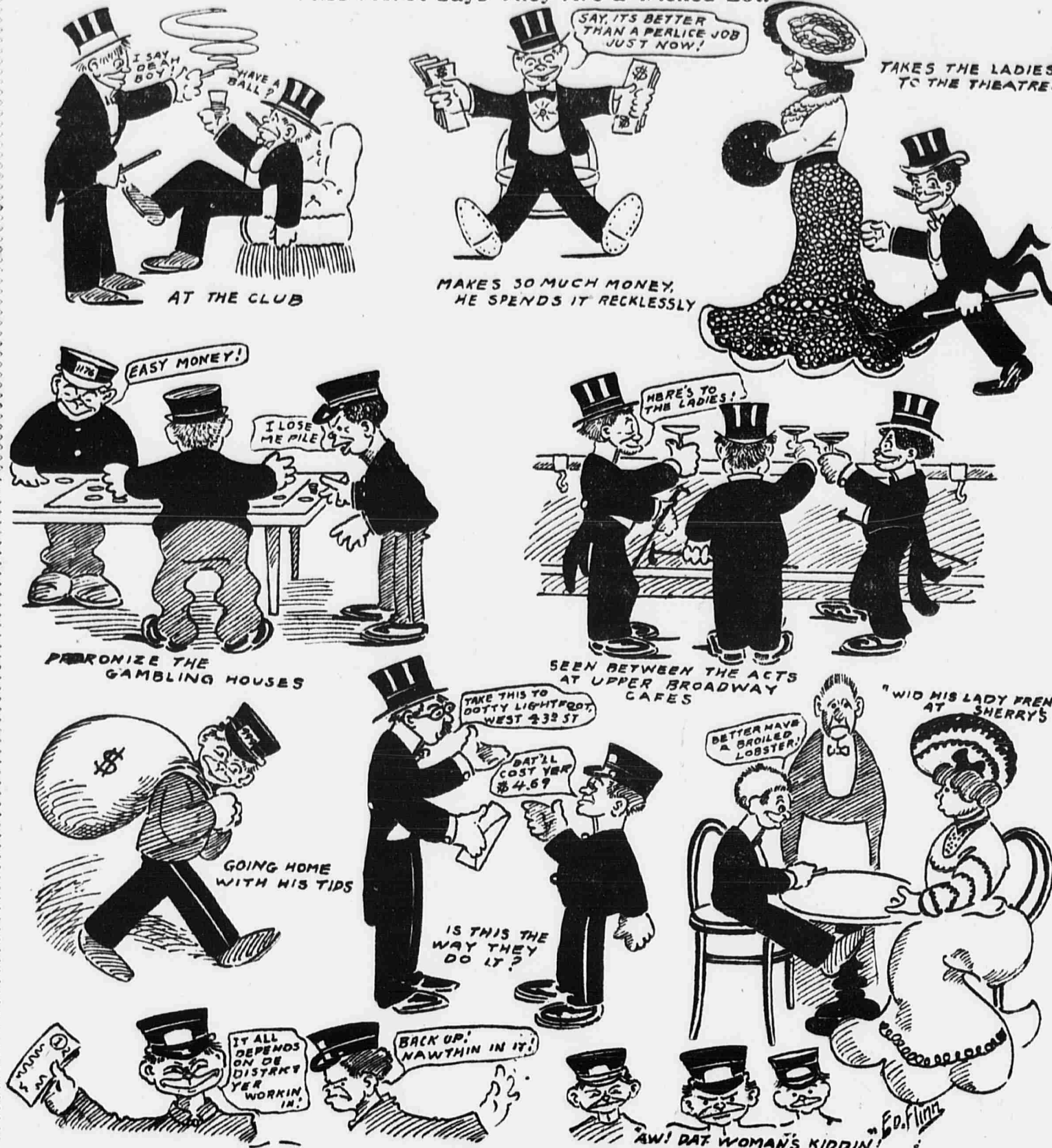
A Sad Affair.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

A joke appeared at the New York Press Club Minstrel Show last Friday evening which deserves to have a room to itself in your proposed home for decrepit jokes.

THE LUXURIOUS LIFE OF THE MESSENGER BOY.

Miss Morot Says They Are a Wicked Lot.



Old New York is forced to waken to the fact it was mistaken—
Messenger boys it thought so slow are really very fast;
And in merry dissipations and luxurious libations
The happy fleeting hours of his snail life are passed.



Five of the Best Jokes of the Day.

THE USUAL SEQUEL.

The girl who has dreamt for ten long years of a Sir Galahad Montgomery who should bear her away to his moated castle on a coal-black charger generally winds up by marrying a fellow named Jones—Pittsburg Dispatch.

HIS FINISH.

Stub!—What was the cause of poor Tarkner's downfall?
Penn—He took the straight route.
Stub!—The straight route?
Penn—Yes, the whiskey-straight route.
—Chicago News.

COULDN'T FILL THE ORDER.

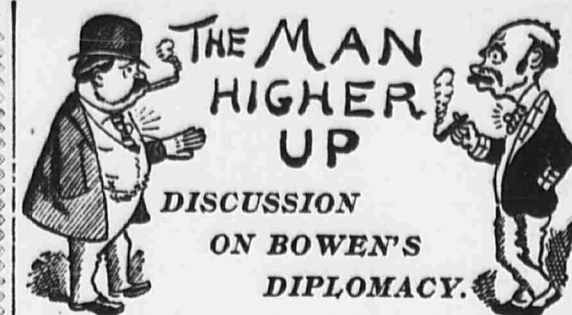
"Have you a full line of felts?" asked a snapper of a haberdasher yesterday.
"We have everything in that line, sir."
"All right; hand me a long felt want."
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

AS USUAL.

"What do you think of my New Year's resolutions?" asked the chauffeur.
"Oh, I suppose you'll have your usual luck," replied his wife.
"What's that?"
"Break down before you have gone very far."—Yonkers Statesman.

ONE-SIDED.

Jenkins—There's Perkins—you know Perkins—entered into an agreement with his wife soon after their marriage twenty years ago that whenever either lost temper or stormed the other was to keep silence.
Jenkins—Admirably. Perkins has kept silence for twenty years.—Tit-Bits.



THE MAN HIGHER UP
DISCUSSION
ON BOWEN'S DIPLOMACY.

"It looks like our friend Bowen had overplayed himself on the 'shirt-sleeve' diplomacy thing," remarked The Cigar-Store Man.

"You have another look," replied The Man Higher Up. "From what I can see of Bowen, he has the aisle seats in the second row in the orchestra. The old-time diplomacy idea has gone into the class with Confederate money when it comes to a case of doing stunts with the U. S. A. We are the original exponents of the plan to go into the settlement of disputes with our overalls on, and we work just as hard on the fixing up of diplomatic questions as we do in the accumulation of money."

"The average diplomatist from the other side is a trained liar. When it comes to lying we don't hang to the rear seats unless it be necessary, but we have cultivated a kind of clairvoyant attribute in connection with it. We can take a clerk out of a furniture store in Schenectady and make a diplomatic agent out of him if he has got enough forehead to make a foreground for his hair. The reason why is that in this country it is a case of every man for himself and the rear guard to the bad."

"If you had a dispute with your wholesaler about the amount due for the alleged tobacco rolls you sell to customers it would be foolish for him to come to you and talk about something not connected with the case at all. And it would be foolish for you to try to put up a con spiel to him. You are both wise to the fact that there is a difference in your accounts, and when it comes to a case of settlement you bring out your books and he brings out his books. You call each other names for a few minutes, and suddenly it gets grafted onto one American intellect that his contention is wrong. There is a settlement in about a minute, and you both go out and have a drink."

"Compared with the American, the English and German statesmen are fatheads. The average citizen of the United States is a many-sided man. He gets to the front because of his ability to overcome obstacles. The average successful citizen of a foreign country is born to his position, and what he doesn't know about things he has not been taught would stack up with a load of hay."

"Sir Michael Herbert may know a lot about Americans he has met in England, but this is the first time he ever stacked up against an American who has got a point to gain. What Bowen doesn't know about the claims against Venezuela you couldn't distinguish with a microscope. The Venezuelan Republic put everything in his hands, and when he came to Washington he went around to the White House and the Department of State and put Roosevelt and John Hay wise to the real situation."

"The first deal after the cut Sir Michael tried to ring in a holdout on Bowen. I don't know whether Bowen ever played poker or not, but he knows the value of a hand, and the way he called the bluff and raised it made Sir Michael extremely petulant. The gist of the matter is that if Bowen would stand for what Sir Michael and Baron Speck von Sternburg want it would put the control of Venezuela in the hands of England and Germany for pretty close to ten years. Italy is declared in, but Italy in this game is like a man in a gambling-house playing his last I. O. U. Germany and England have got Italy in so that the attack upon Venezuela will look like the onslaught of a crowd."

"With Germany and England in charge down in Venezuela they couldn't do a thing in five years. They could take the Government and switch it around until the first thing we would know the Venezuelans would be willing to help both of them put a case of bone twist in the Monroe Doctrine that Dr. Lorenz couldn't take out."

"Do you think Sir Michael will win out?" asked The Cigar-Store Man.

"He has the centre of the stage now," replied The Man Higher Up, "but the chorus hasn't come on yet. In this production the chorus is the American people. And when this chorus sings it doesn't sing small."

MY LADY'S "HOT SCOTCH" And Eke My Lady's "High Ball"

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

MRS. MARY BROWNING, President of the W. C. T. U. of Morristown, N. J., at a meeting of that organization held on Thursday last, denounced what she declared was the scandalous drinking of strong drinks by the young women of that town, and ended her arraignment with a burst of tears. Mrs. Sarah Potter came to the rescue of the over-wrought executive in a speech in which she said that she had learned upon good authority that the use of alcoholic liquors was alarmingly on the increase in exclusive circles of Washington society and that at a recent ball at the national capital several young women were carried from the room in a state of hopeless intoxication.

Quite recently clergymen of Philadelphia and St. Louis waxed equally eloquent over the increasing consumption by society women of the insidious mixed drink. And prominent New York pastors have occasionally thundered anathemas at these feminine lookers upon the wine cup when it is red or yellow or any old color.

The public may have heard, but it has not heeded these warnings. To prove this one need only cite the fact since 1900 the consumption of Scotch whiskey in the United States has increased by over 34,000 cases.

According to figures furnished to Bonford's Wine and Spirit Circular the increase in the consumption of Scotch whiskey in the United States during 1900 was \$2,000,000 cases, in 1901, 100,000 cases, and in 1902, 116,000 cases. According to the same authority women are largely responsible for this alarming increase. To their growing allegiance to the soothing "hot scotch" and the exhilarating "high ball" it is directly attributed.

There is no doubt that some American women drink more than their mothers and far more than their grandmothers. But a fact which seems to have been ignored is that the girl in middle life is not materially affected by these figures.

The thirst which follows a valiantly contested game of golf is said to have led many women into this dangerous habit. The serving of champagne through the fashionable dinner after the English fashion instead of as a dessert wine may be accounted another factor.

But the fact which drinking is confined to the leisure class. The typewriters, the stenographers, the telephone girls, the girls in shops and factories, all those constituting the main van of the brave little army of employed women, are water drinkers or drink wine very occasionally.

And it would seem that while the alarming consumption of liquor is restricted to society seekers for stimulus to pursue lives of unnatural excitement, the Presidents of the W. C. T. U. may restrain their tears.

The Case of the Cub.—By H. S. Canfield.

Copyright, 1903, by Daily Story Publishing Co.)
MONG the other women in the wood-land hotel, far in that massive forest which parallels the southern shore of Lake Superior, Constance Penrhyn stood alone by reason of her beauty and her wealth. In her ten seasons of society she had seen no man whom she could love. She had been wooed ardently, but had remained ice.
These were the men at the Summer Hotel who loved her:
Brasmus Moody, professor of political economy in a State university; a slight, nervous man, with eyeglasses and a tendency to dyspepsia, who rejoiced in a flow of language and had a belief that wisdom must appeal to a woman of Miss Penrhyn's intellectual brow.
George Trevelyan, physician, a clean and modest fellow enough, somewhat bashful, who never had a thought of gaining the prize and effaced himself greatly, worshipped from afar and gloomily.
Claude Mayne De Lay, poet and writer for the magazines, in long hair, Van-dyke beard and bottled-in coat, with a velvet collar, who spoiled much good paper hiding verses and made "Constance" rhyme with "chance." "Gleams," "dawns," and "pains."
John Hammond, unanimously dubbed the Cub and mortally offensive to three of the older ladies. This was a big, loosely built youth of twenty-three, fresh from college, with the football hair of the past season cut close, a tan on his clear cheeks, a merry, healthy laugh and an adoration in his blue eyes which he did not try to hide. These eyes had in them the light of juvenescence, a light that proves fatal to many women old enough to know better.
It was during the last week of Miss Penrhyn's stay that the professor proposed in form. He had invited her into the small, stuffy parlor in which no one ever sat and there he went down upon his knees. She did not ask him to rise or offer to assist him. He went gallantly through a long statement of affection and when he ran out of words at last she smiled and said:
"I shall never marry, Professor. I admire your gifts and think you are a good man, but can go no further. No; the subject matter is quite hopeless, believe me. Please consider the subject closed."
There was no getting around that. The Professor, in an unusual burst of confidence told Graham about it. The lawyer chuckled and said: "You ought to have come to me first, old man; I could have told you better."
He was next. It happened down by the edge of the lake, where a great hemlock had fallen and made a convenient seat. He went through glibly enough, then, not waiting for an acquiescence of which he had no doubt, slipped an arm about her waist. She wrenched herself free, leaped to her feet and turned on him a face of hot indignation. Not trusting herself to speak, she walked toward the house. He ran after her and asked shame-facedly:
"Am I not to have an answer?"
She glanced at him feely and replied: "You are not worth an answer!"
Graham did not tell the Professor about this, but paid his bill and went back to the city that evening.
It is not believed that George Trevelyan would have asked her to marry him if his misery had not forced him to speak. He told her that he was not good enough for her; that it was not meant for such as he to win and wear so bright a jewel; that he would not have spoken at all but that he wanted her to know that he loved her very dearly and would always love her, no matter whether she became another's wife or not.
"I am only a plain man," said poor George, "and I have never expected that you could care for me, but such as I am, I love you with my whole heart and soul."
She was tender and compassionate with him. She gave him her hand and told him that she esteemed him truly and any woman ought to be proud to be his wife. "You will find some one better suited to you and who will care for you," she said. "I know that you will. I shall pray that you will." There were tears in her gray eyes.
Claude Mayne De Lay doctored long at himself. He had little doubt of the result, but wanted to do the thing properly and in keeping with his character as a poet and rising man of letters. He proposed in verse and left the pink

paper in its envelope under her napkin at breakfast. He never got an answer and he understood why before he was a day older.

He wandered by moonlight that night—wondered and wondered what form his acceptance would take. An hour later, his face pale and the clammy dew of agony on his brow, he hunted up the Professor and Trevelyan and told them what he had seen. This was it in brief:

Rounding a turn in the path he saw a bit of sword moon-lighted. In the centre of this sword stood Miss Penrhyn and the Cub, who loomed big as a boyish. The Cub was talking earnestly, the lady's face was half averted, but her whole delicious figure seemed to droop and melt toward him in spite of herself. He took her hand. She tried weakly to withdraw it, but he was stronger than she. The Cub went from bad to worse. He drew her toward him, next instant she was in his arms, apparently content, her black hair showing against his flannel blazer.

"I came away then," said the poet huskily.

"Astounding!" said the Professor. "Women are mere creatures of the impulse."

"He's a good boy," said Trevelyan. "She is older than he, but they will be happy."

It was so with her. Men and women may try to explain it, or let it alone. After ten seasons, Thelma Penrhyn loved the Cub as fondly and much more strongly than a child of sixteen could have done it. What is more she married him, and regards him still as quite peerless among men.